

# **The Pool**

**by**

**Anne Scott Musil**



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# EBIP

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**by Anne Scott Musil**

the pool

\*

gaze in the pool  
everyone is there  
all that has been is will be  
looks back at you

our shouts ads echoes  
billboards clouds  
we gaze Narcissus  
all one I

clouds swings bathers trees  
one with our breath our  
lie our  
gaze

sun

sun form of spirit  
still centre  
bright cream shadowless  
turns earth slowly without  
sweat fatigue

here night shadows things moving  
startled in the dark  
we're too cold or hot  
we quarrel  
suns fall cloudy red  
leaves lie crisp brown tired

take the middle way the sage said  
taker of doom giver  
of shadow-sun

we turn inward to grow seeing  
keep bright noon  
sun vigil

on this earth-child creatures  
born to squall grope die  
lie on sacrificial pyres  
seed-sun grown  
cradled flayed

seek higher birth. Still within  
our seasons hard solid frost  
Spring trickle gush wet mess  
hot yellow sweat  
red-yellow dyings  
then boughs sleeping  
playing dead  
fields lawns red-yellow-coral  
then crisp dead the solid cold  
and spring  
the sun sprouting  
its young

but I know  
my mother friend  
you'll come again

we seek clean snowhills  
or cool pools  
climb float above  
the massacre,  
mind, articulate glad that  
we're still in seasons with our  
sun-soul certainty

metal

mental loose meandering  
eternally wandering  
then tightens strikes

like metal cold impersonal  
triangles percentages  
steel wheels rails

the enraptured heart turns  
to some old station  
weeds a horse and wagon

mind cuts with formulae  
quotes doubts catches  
spirit's tail

spirit drowns out  
metal in great hugs  
of fire

hunger

our hunger pulled  
our nerves blood eyes  
to soil then, sated we grew  
thought-feet questions  
though earth still  
grows us

all those eons dangers need to work  
mate fight formed  
our fins awareness

now we need to outgrow  
growing cool our blood  
to listening



stuck

soul stuck in inventions  
or old barns or literary races,  
fads shrunk scattered  
seems stuck but knows  
a hidden key

howls through our eyes hearts  
sucking mouths wet with  
unloved tongues  
whipped circus animals  
sad clowns

there's only fire and  
endless circusses  
and light

\*

the memory

wall rejection  
the effort and the dream which  
moulded my past years  
your image: hope

all shattered buried  
other routes finally  
found to dive within  
with a new fellow-  
traveller robust straight humourous

to realer light. Your memory  
gaunt wry  
passed finally  
but comes again within  
as knowing close

growing tiny shoots to fill  
new common void

progress

the boat hard fast of fibreglass  
slapped glassy waves  
not like the yielding wood  
which could receive waves'  
licks and smacks

our mighty motor roars upstream  
our hull not tossing our sound hard  
getting there

the land roars by  
too fast to see  
small boats heavy in our wash  
nearly capsize

`where're we going' I shout  
`I don't know!' you reply  
but we stare hard  
ahead

X

counterpoint

they meet tower and petal  
schemes and the sun  
jeeps and roses tigers

no need to throw away our  
frig watch mate  
to seek the fount

we may teach trusting  
to the tiger grow greeneries  
in high steel towers

lend logic to prayer  
limbs to sacred dances keep  
computers for contact

no falling back to  
brooms and ploughs  
will bring Thy voice!

wildflower

I pick you wildflowers  
violets then perfect daisies  
you'll die sooner

to liven tables  
bring sun breath green  
into dead rooms

dead flower or dead house  
bright then dead brown -  
light sacrificed

to Vaclav

transplanted now your roots deep  
from your temperate oppressed old  
inland land  
you transplant flowers

dig deep then shelter them  
inside safe walls  
well watered sunned

knowing insects moulds  
bite fatally kill everything  
those grey slum buildings

communism kills everything  
you say denies what you know:  
God and the devil  
battling

hour after hour roses  
must be tended  
mantras sung for  
velvet revolutions

earth

our cradle outer skin  
spun dust and gravity  
thrown from the sun

for creatures shadows  
birth of wills  
flight growing sight

green patience hiding  
sunpulse  
rocks of light

womb of learning  
sticks carrots chores  
word crossings  
endless minutes  
play pain challenges  
we always reach outgrow

sun-kid nursery  
eons and eons  
growing us

bombs

a word will do  
even a thought inside  
helps set the nations  
bomb to bomb

we too had our wars  
of too much asking  
in our scattered love  
and broke apart

big mighty dinosaurs - extinct  
were armed  
well fed

peace core douse  
old tomtoms - let bombs melt  
in empathy!

departed

thrown out these heavy bones  
inert now  
the dancer (anyone) flown

grass quivers worms digest  
rivers ripple  
winds blow clean

without their boss the cells  
give in to  
dissolution but within

a new beginning  
the dancing master  
grows in void,

boneless sunless in  
strong images groping  
in new stories

sinews tissues  
challenges of  
terror gravity sun  
swans

space

deep high wide infinite  
seems to escape  
mind's limits

mind says: centre edges  
form extension  
mind-eyes see

dust blueness cloud  
touched by earth's  
cravings weight

But up is down  
and empty's full  
of everything

is space and consciousness  
is that full  
emptiness



lives

all the teeming squirming hungry countless  
crawling flying eating licking  
squealing cleaning chewing clutching  
creatures our underworld  
blind earth nursing dragons from  
an inner enemy battled  
by the Hero which is  
conscious I

creatures not proud knowing by  
nose antennae fins ears hairs eyes how to  
survive the sweat's ananda  
awareness-action one sharing  
our hierarchy, home our  
blood even our  
quest

wound

from an old wound  
chorusses all singing  
it's alright

in the autumn cemetery  
vibrant earth stones  
presentness

beneath the leaf-crisp soil  
no pain except perhaps of  
hungry spirits

hanging on dim worlds  
old listening  
deep in us

women of childhood

our mother black-haired  
warm humourous her hidden  
desperation formed  
our minutes core

but lately I've remembered  
others like our childnurse  
who seemed scared of  
anything storms mice  
but took the suffering chicken  
that our dog maimed  
while we stood trembling  
and cut off its head

the sour old maid  
who hid her heart  
the mean one who hit us  
with her shoe the nice one who  
laughed at anything

Always someone home  
like the sunlit kitchen  
back yard with its sandbox brick walls fence  
beige-papered rooms the homemade  
cards stuffed bears  
great banister I slid down

no more ancient history  
than this house books elderberry bush  
one day soon

movies

so well done but  
saying what?  
we go into the

deep dark navy night  
and flashing street after that  
impotence of lives

the waitress joking has  
her life together at least  
people on the bus

manage work love  
helping someone a sermon  
holiday

maybe not much but  
there are also  
astral dreams heroic

visions brains over there  
noses in books  
small - great - discoveries and

wondrous moments  
and when the lights turn off  
astral visits

a plant we never  
saw before or finding  
I love maths

just being

those famed directors need  
meditation!

real juice

will you hand your child real juice  
will he look up and see a  
wise old beaten grinning gentle

genteel fresh and savage  
woman man not some  
whining perfect front

and will his teachers dance on graves  
revealing mysteries  
from sun soil clay words death

not dead among the dead  
not repeating formulas but spells  
of eyes skin soul?

leaving the house

the endless sky  
new moods and lashing winds  
of the repeated block

looking up the bright mighty  
sun behind walls  
and clouds I Is

the world a wider body  
touching distant planets suns  
all fresh-pulsing delicate

each nostril fibre nerve  
knowing its kin  
each pore finding its

mood out there  
in distant galaxies  
The sky breathes patience,

waits. Great Self,  
housed in your web  
your body breathes blinks flashes

In the house dead walls  
thoughts limits  
till music an idea

the inner passages of  
even greater rooms  
still blood in imagery

teenage dance

loin waking cheek to cheek  
in the dark rooms and crooning  
screaming lolling licking  
music do you  
like me want me

touched vital its great seed  
forgotten  
cosmic raptures doze  
a new secret world tapped,  
life seed lurking

for shy friendship giggles  
shifting closed-eyed in thick  
rooms, stumbling panting dripping  
does he like me do I  
like him

the wind outside howling, then  
the party's over  
rain and  
faint breeze lickings

dictators

your chained souls in granite  
of unseen debt  
huge watchwolves snarling

your hidden fear  
you rule silence or  
torture death oh -

i should fear for you  
how many ages must you wander  
with your burning fate

banging into your own  
guns greed boots shocks terror  
schoolyard bullying

as you beat the tender innocent  
the truly strong  
who dare cry no

kill grass make nations  
barracks asphalt ruled  
by shocks and shots

hiding your million  
deaths your whimper you move  
hobbled blind -

I know all this but still  
can only think of  
your victims

the feud

sins of our fathers  
feuds of dark blood  
Juliette leapt over them  
spring-fresh wide-eyed

oh ancient house webbed shuttered  
guns aimed at streets  
Ireland Bosnia Rwanda York-Lancaster  
acting out your ancient

curse No avenger sees fresh  
innocence of the foe's seed  
- that spring  
but it will leap

grow grass play bands  
if someone loves enough  
to see through the grim  
masks of farce



to someone who died

i wish i could meet you  
your skin has rotted  
but you are here

your searching music soft-voiced  
equations distant smile  
don't die

one day we'll surely meet  
not knowing why we're drawn  
together shy finding

in gaze to gaze fibre to  
fibre each other strangely  
familiar smiling fearful

wondering why your heavy stiff  
uncaring corpse doesn't need  
tendering but this

remaining seed sense of your  
inner knowing cool  
still fire awareness

does

to another who died

Your jokes inventions  
discoveries of you of me  
keep their vital play  
we find a secret passageway  
over the graves and miles  
to meet not always sure  
the voice is true  
- how close

neglect

they reach for light  
die from neglect those children  
in those empty houses their  
cries silent

that stunted tree  
in dry clay sheltered  
from rain  
knows them

as they chew junk  
watch cheap tv  
learn not to say  
what they saw that day

the chained dogs  
caged birds  
obedient unwilling soldiers  
know them

but life endures  
they sprout bud  
stubbornly  
bloom between cracks

mauve petals in the rocks,  
battered by wind  
plants struck by frost  
alive

stunted trees blown  
sideways hard  
know them

mothers working  
procreating stupidly,

mateless or  
greedy  
cry silently  
in them

roots

in black soil hairy roots  
feces dark  
fresh flowers grow

wounds grow strange blooms  
sweaty labour building towers  
roots and thorny stems  
meet petals and fresh breezes

you go I seek and  
trying to forget you  
seek for light

open

i would be open for you  
all my rooms swept clean  
by strong sky winds  
so you could wander freely here  
grow seeds

i wanted you to spread  
into my thousand rooms  
to climb your vines  
and meet you smiling not tense, shy  
imbibe your light

but could not pierce behind  
your human form  
in hardened solitude i need  
to tap my dew-tear  
springs and open

to an inner vastness  
where - which - you are  
but mantras Guru form  
help hold the door hear  
my creaky opening

destiny

Napoleon rode calm  
among the bullets knowing  
he would live until  
his work was done

I hope I've time  
to write with inner sap  
with fire keener than blood  
to break through veils

and learn the signs  
to guide  
for Heaven gives a pen  
for servitude

kundalini

serpent lightstream flowing  
coccyx to crown  
worm to deva prodding  
visions at each stage

a new-seen yard  
water seen as forces dry  
earth light all  
hidden spirits

presences of terror break  
from their dream chambers  
flee at the light  
fire burning rot

making debris dance  
monkey against light  
the nerves upright  
the heart tapped

flowers

for funerals alive  
the counter-image like seeing orange  
after blue bright blossoms on  
the slow black cars  
the once vibrant joking  
in hard clay

life for the dead to say they  
go on living their inner flower  
still grows fed by our love gestures  
throwing flowers our  
rot grows

life-death are one  
the moon's bright side dark side  
life seems so long  
until it goes  
we sing our songs of

ignorance cut flowers for  
the dead so they fade faster  
for our mute love  
and theirs their  
sacrifice

waste

so let's play the stockmarket  
take money from real work  
let's eat buy gossip use someone for  
copulating find smokey resorts  
make trendy art

we think we're body  
something looked at handled  
but it's I who aim  
direct the ball the dive who act,  
reflect it's I

who pay. Pause between puffs  
swigs gulps from lipstick  
mouths  
I now here  
a freedom seeing not chained  
to yesterday last minute

see the sky growing between  
towers billboard signs  
strangely bright  
millions of papers strewn  
messily about  
with gamblers' scores



a boy

strapped into his parents' virtues  
best schools honours a high place  
never learned what 'leaf'  
'care' 'wonder' meant

learned argument how to intone  
smile hold his glass  
aim buried lust to  
ridicule success

to stopper dreams  
scorn new age infinities  
while furry bumbling wonderers  
sought work love an unpainted

vision rising to the lust  
of shining peaks  
invisible above his  
well-coiffed head

evolution

from taste and terror appetite  
and sense the tangled jungles  
huge flowers and teeth  
ripe fruits long rains  
ruses to survive

to houses mine and thine  
fine rugs and tapestries  
plans concepts plots to  
succeed pretence  
new climbing seeking

now need unlearning peeling down  
to inner clearings suns  
until love-spirit shouts look  
I've been calling  
in rain deserts offices -

calling you!

evil waves

course through the world  
bashing raping dirtying imprisoning

the forces must play out  
the sages say

electric shocks on metal beds  
long illnesses paralysis  
and we cry: 'Justice!'

against the waste the guns  
the cages battles bottles of

chemicals and booze  
pain twisting goading  
turning to evil or to

God. From the centre goes  
the pendulum agony to  
ecstasy rags to riches

the light of mercy clearing  
the thick dark the filthy  
rooms lairs meandering drunks

must tap demons make them  
show their faces  
in us

by laughter contemplation  
prayer

serve

serve speed fast cars  
conveyor belts computers  
that's for later

futures never come

serve earth this room  
flaming green leaves  
my everness

that's now

serve all-seeing  
trying to tap  
my core

that's always

houses

'our house' we say  
going in and out of rooms that  
stay for us  
unlike through dreams

but last month is gone  
the leaves have fallen dried

we house anticipations fears  
bring in rockers cd's guests  
for better dreams

opening inside would make  
rooms open melt  
to everywhere

caged

caged without earth sniffing or  
exploring snuffling friends  
the animals await the  
needle blade

man holds them chained  
in his mind's yoke to this  
unnecessary pain afraid:  
a deadline grant rush failure date

in his tense hands the animals  
tense stiffen shake  
sensing one destiny

cut off

strained nerves stiff back  
rejection absence

cut off from the one fount  
from flow flame seeing

no more magic theatre  
of streets fields waiting rooms  
just the machine

we work eat defecate  
take pay speed and get off get fines

earth turning to  
and from the hot  
gas core cold void

springs await us sun-touch rain  
lust ripples of light power  
even in dust

gliding crawling flying creatures  
wondrous heaven-spun

where is the mantra where  
does pain end

now here

we all

we all cry 'love me' 'give'  
see I bring home paychecks  
cook scrub scold

can't let go can't  
be field lilies  
can't just be

until being is moving  
until the scrubbed floor becomes  
just that light



the clock

tick tick the hurried blood  
must rush do do

outside much rushing digging  
worms games chain saws

but he is still in action  
the knower peace

like rain quick but unhurried  
the sun - mighty without effort

pulsing light intensely  
patiently forever

yoked into mind I write  
word anguish is it

ill-said unsaid  
too-much-said?

while squirrels fight hurry up  
trees relax

Still centre hold me  
move me

around your heart!

body

temple factory of  
excrement  
balanced intricate  
deformed

soul's temple brothel hovel  
great in dance in  
latent power  
lame glowing old

each pump nerve sinew moves in  
harmony at source  
pain signalling brain catching  
messages

I made none of this I say  
I entered blindly  
howling  
forgetting... something...

made to leap so surely to  
true lovetouch be dancer  
mother acrobat flight -  
conscious

all its sap eggs seeds  
given for our  
love

hate clogged the veins

I'm here to will command  
throw out my despots -  
fly!

importance

man's heads loom high  
in rooms  
fade in prairies seas

so tiny yet so huge  
love tension envy want  
plans fantasies so

big loud  
dangerous to creatures who scamper  
fly off

we think 'tree' 'space' 'me'  
'must do' 'mustn't'  
'I was good today chores done  
and no adultery'

weave city dreams  
to climb rule companies  
or conjure fairies logic

not quite strange among  
the plants and bees  
who do none of this

one with the grass  
alert to sounds like us quick  
to the draw - intent

to live win  
But beasts know they're licked  
those naked faces upright limbs

gunshots power tools  
tensions strategies  
they grow antennae for their

mighty kin who make  
themselves décor mirrors  
cruel and weak

in hunting fearful and mild  
in love lost in his own  
mighty imagery

all so tiny from  
the sky lost in vast  
blind firmaments

frozen

thought frozen from  
awareness darkened  
to signs to time

earth water air  
primeval power frozen  
into form

Siva-Shakti divorced  
into mind-matter  
from one joy

contrast

only when the wind stops  
you hear silence  
then cars and words rush  
to fill the void

long silence roars is still  
within a noise  
the dryer dripping ice  
return it!

looking back

missed chances failures nerves unkindnesses  
why poke around me?  
I throw you out

don't throw your gloom your  
stifled dialogues over  
my friendly lawn I grow

petunias berries  
am light within might everywhere

go chatter over there  
where gossip is

for here now I'm all  
silence or  
trying to be

growing

growing by want not like  
the rocks and weeds but  
to spread a flower

love fear grow heads and hands  
on us cold grows us to make  
mitt furs fire

sometimes a pause you smile  
or make clay curves  
the right touch joy

the pulling stops.  
Full moon the dusk  
the rockers rock on

dusty porches  
just a few words left  
the leaves still

arts

some for money praise  
some to capture  
secret openings to  
hidden worlds yards shining  
fingers on chair arms holding  
a peeled stick

stopped hours  
the world reborn

under your eyes  
infinity in bark ice dripping  
fruit on table  
a child's voice

no need even to hope  
where seeing is

yet we hope  
someone will see read -  
receive



turning

earth slowly turns us roasts us  
on the spit  
we dream twitch snore and mutter  
in tense sleep

it turns us to coral dawn  
to face a clock report  
to sweltering noon with every pore  
and hate exposed

then into sunset the bus  
swaying snorting taking us  
to food dark book walk  
human in this cosmic skin

among the shadows whispers  
and to dream mutterings  
astral breathless  
with a pause still light and

everything then turns swings us  
to dawn to effort  
and the news of  
sun-gas bombs explosions

the bat

i feared the bat flapping  
bony black behind the wall  
froze as he dashed out web-footed  
alien not knowing  
why i feared

they die slowly you said  
they do no harm.  
I'd fear a man with horns  
a legless dog mixtures like  
our fighting love

time

the present never comes  
past touches future in our  
striving

let it stop  
let this cat rubbing my knee  
stop earth turning

infinity

infinity the rooms and yard  
quick with light the pots  
round solid gleaming poised

someone flings an ad in  
the phone rings  
symphonies of voices light

hearing

the ear said that's a sound!  
the eye said, it's a colour shape  
the finger said, it's rough or smooth  
or cold hot

the mind said it's a thing  
one variously sensed  
then, cleverer it's force,  
vibration there's no wetness  
only motion

sounds sights thoughts make  
minutes so does the  
beating heart  
waiting afraid

the round still central heart is  
happy says  
it's all I  
leaves wind each note  
is I  
unchanged

rain

release of tension  
like bloodletting? which sometimes  
cured

the seed swells sprouts  
after drop-yearning  
drought

growing new tensions,  
wants until all's full,  
dripping

seasons

here each month a season  
an exploration in  
creation mood  
March cold messy wet breathing  
faint new life out of  
old tired snow  
April sun swelling but  
still frozen tentative  
melting cawing in  
tight hugging cold  
May filigree small greeneries  
as we nearly leap  
sniff pungent challenges  
of fragile life  
June mild under a big new  
smiling sun leaves swelling  
to July a jungle thick & loud with  
heat bugs heavy leaves  
till shadows lengthen in late  
August and the long  
strong weeds touch to our necks  
the corn huge beside  
pale barley  
and September its paler sun  
shrinking making long shade  
the waters sapphire dark  
October ghosts from distant north  
veil the low sun  
all's crisp cool yellow-red until  
thick saffron leaves dry  
curling dying  
and the first dread pearly veil  
of grey November with its  
grey-purple death sword  
sun swallowed early dark  
the dark passage of

December to deep solid cold  
white slashing of no mercy  
challenge vigour January till  
new dawn  
the first lingering light  
of holy turning longer days  
bending haughty frost to hopes  
of messy spring

all the months  
we carry